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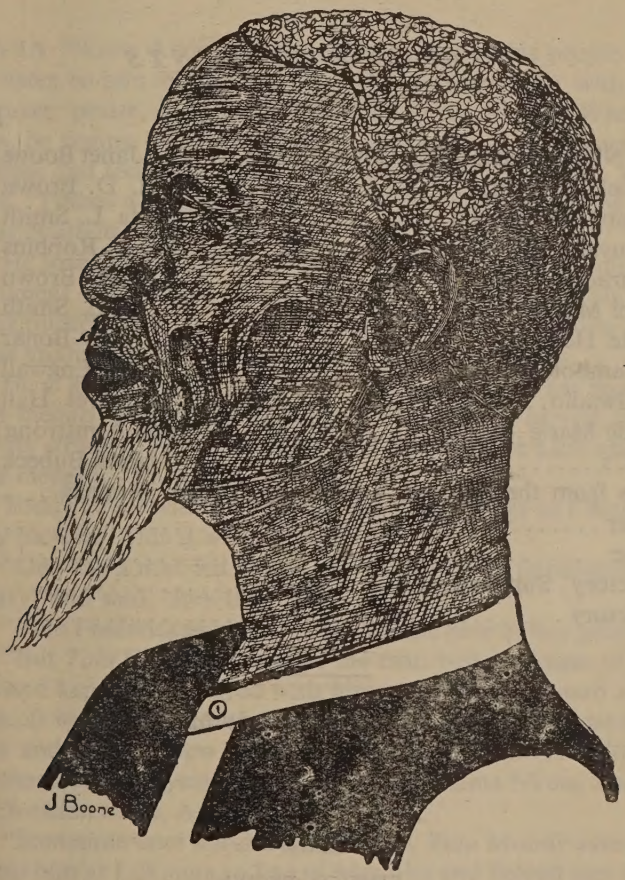

APRIL 1954

CONGO NEWS LETTER

Vol. XLVI April 1954 No. 2

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The Cover Picture is drawn by Janet Boone.

Editor

ETHEL D. BROWN

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TATA NKUSU—OUR COVER PICTURE

JANET BOONE

TATA Nkusu André is a worthy shepherd of his people. To listen to him tell the old, old story, to fellowship with him in prayer, praise, song or conversation is refreshing. When he prays, he begins, *Tata* (Father), and in his simple eloquence one can hear and feel how intimately Nkusu walks with God. As he prays, "Father who is in heaven," I am reminded of the holy and loving attributes of our heavenly Father.

He loves music! He rarely travels without his native musical instrument — a *kisansi*. The *kisansi* is generally made to play only folk music of Congo and is not adapted to our scale. *Tata* Nkusu has modified some of these so that he can play hymns.

He is also a worthy servant of his country. He has received three medals from the Belgian Government — a service medal with six stripes, a bronze medal of the Order of the Lion and another medal for war effort.

Today he sat with me and told me his life story as I drew the cover picture. This is what he told me.

"One day a man led me to *Tata* Frederickson (a pioneer missionary) and said, 'Buy this boy.'

"*Tata* Frederickson said, 'I didn't come here to buy people.'

"But *Tata* Frederickson gave the man two packages of buttons and kept me. I stayed with him at Kifwa and heard about Jesus. It was a new, strange and wonderful story. I became a follower and in 1898 *Tata* Frederickson baptized me. He thought I was then about 12 years old. To my native name Nkusu I added the Christian name, André.

"Sometime later another missionary, *Tata* Moody asked me to help him at Lukunga so I went with him and helped him in his house.

"For another year I worked for the railroad company. The railroad people asked me to stay with them as a *kapita* (foreman) but I wanted to serve God so I returned to Kifwa. I was sent to Kinseki village to teach.

"In 1905, ten of us young men were sent to our mission sta-

tion at Banza Manteke to enter school. We walked a whole week to get there. *Tata* Henry Richards taught us. The food there was strange. The people cooked all their various foods together in one pot. I was sick because of the food but I prayed to God to help me and I didn't die.

"After a year of school we walked back to Kifwa but we didn't want to return to Banza Manteke the following year. It was too far away and the food there was not our food.

"In 1906 I went to the village Tau to teach. There I found a girl I wanted to marry. Her name was Luzala. She wasn't a Christian. I taught her to read and I taught her to be a follower of Jesus. I had no family to arrange our marriage but I paid 45 francs to her elders and we were married.

"My wife was baptized at Sona Bata in 1908. She chose the Christian name of Malia.

"The mission station had been moved from Kifwa to Sona Bata. We went to help *Tata* and *Mama* Frederickson. I preached and visited in the villages around Sona Bata. Many of these villages now have churches — Kinzila, Kinzuana, Songololo, Ntadi Mbuba and others.

"I was serving God but my thoughts were to return to my own village to teach my own people. When I showed these thoughts to *Tata* Frederickson and *Tata* Moody they were afraid to let me go because the Catholic work was very strong there. I said I must go. They prayed with me and let me go.

"So in 1911 I went to be pastor at my own village, Kinkoko. *Mama* Malia and I walked together to all the nearby villages. We opened a school at Kinkoko. At first the people did not want to send us students but the second year we had 45 enrolled. All the villages began sending students.

"Twice each day — early morning and evening — we have always called the people to sing, hear God's Word and pray.

"At first we did have opposition from the Catholics but when the matter was taken to the State, the government man said, 'We are leaders of all of you — Protestants and Catholics — you continue your work.'

"At Kinkoko I have built a church, a school, houses for the school children and our own house.

"We had only one child. He is married and lives in Leopoldville. We have raised many orphans. We now are caring for four. Anyone who comes to us receives help. We share what we have.

"I only want to serve God and do His will."

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Psalm 2 : 8

SAMUEL EPUNDA

H. D. BROWN

A small boy came strolling down the path. A barefoot boy wearing a black coat which made him look even smaller. It was 1928. Joseph Clark, with forty-eight years of pioneer service behind him, turned to us as we sat on his porch and asked if we wanted a good boy to work for us. We wondered if he was referring to somebody else for this lad seemed a mere child not more than twelve years old. But it was he who was being recommended. We had only three months of life in the Congo and everything was new. The evergreens of our homeland had given place to palms and huge banana plants. The hustle of our western world had given way to a small brown-skinned boy scuffing leisurely along the path. Human communication seemed to be quite intelligible to all but ourselves for whom it was a concatenation straight from Babel. There was little that was streamlined or chrome-plated in the new home we were establishing. The amount of time the missionary could give to his real task depended much on the help he could obtain from others and this especially so for the missionary wife.

Mr. Clark told us about Epunda. He was actually sixteen and had been born and spent his early years on the mission station. When he was tiny and starting to creep around on all fours he got the nickname of Froggie. His father was a sergeant in the

colonial army and saw action in East Africa in World War I. The family had lived for some time at a military outpost in the far eastern section of the Congo and then later, after being demobilized, the father served as one of our teacher-evangelists. Their home lay between the north shore of Lac Léopold II and Lac Tumba, an area of dense jungle and many swamps, — elephant country, leopard country, in fact the country of almost everything untamed. The Bolia people stoutly denied any history of the cannibalism which was the pride and pleasure of their neighbors just to the north where our mission station was located, but that is not to say that they were altogether lacking in certain immemorial customs of their own which could hardly be called humane or civilized.

"Grandfather" Clark's forty-eight years among the Congo people carried great prestige, so when he recommended the young missionary couple to Epunda he was willing to give us a try. He came to us the next day. The little black coat was replaced by some light, white clothes and he began learning how to keep a house clean. Having grown up on the mission station he knew the language of the area as well as that of his own people to the south. Residence in the east had given him a knowledge of Swahili. Just one new language was enough for us, so we used our first hesitating, badly constructed phrases on him and most of the time, having learned what missionaries are like, he understood the gist of what we were trying to say.

For the whole of that first term he helped us by keeping things clean — the house with its windows and walls and floors; the dishes; shoes; himself. And that last was not least for he loved cleanliness and was as careful about his own person as we wished him to be of our new home. Things were new then for all of us. We were new missionaries starting a new life and he had started a new life in Christ for at the time he came to us he had been baptized and received into church fellowship. And the new life was evidenced in faithful attention to keeping many things clean.

A second term began and Samuel Epunda was waiting for us. We needed a cook so he started to learn how to prepare meals and somebody else took his place on the other duties. But he still kept things clean — pots and pans, stove, — everything always clean and shiny. In his spare time he was reading. His schooling

was very elementary but his reading was conscientious and assiduous. He tackled the Bible in French and before long had added a considerable proficiency in this language to his three African tongues. At that time too our little son, John, began to say his first words and then later read his first easy little books. And so without really trying very hard, Epunda added English to his repertory of languages. Later, when we had to spend three months at Sona Bata he found that sufficient time to get a good working knowledge of the Kikongo language, and of course for him the *lingua franca*, Lingala, didn't need learning, he just knew it. Interrupted primary schooling, but seven languages at his service! He began to borrow books in French and English from us and read them through.

A third term of service began and he was still with us, by now an old and trusted helper. On itineraries when I had to leave home and often travel six weeks at a time alone, he would be with me, making camp comfortable. The road might be long, the day full, but there would always be a clean camp, a good meal, a warm bath ready. And more. In these evangelistic tours he would take his turn with the rest of us at preaching the Word and inviting others to receive the Lord as their Savior.

There began a fourth term and it put Epunda to the test. We had to move from Tondo, our home for eighteen years and go to Leopoldvllle. He and his wife, Mpembe, decided to go with us. From Leopoldville they went with us to Kimpese. During the next furlough his people put great pressure on him to try to keep him from joining us again so far from home but they came. With all the love an African has for his own land and people Mpembe has gone with her husband wherever his work has taken him, as faithful to him as he has been to us in our missionary wanderings. While the burden of the home falls on Epunda's shoulders we can give our time to the missionary service we came to do. We have served the Lord for twenty-six years in the Congo, but Samuel Epunda has shared this service for the same length of time.

"As his part is that goeth down to the battle so, shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike."

PHILIPPE MATALATALA

VIOLA L. SMITH

WHEREFORE, if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature. (II Cor. 5 : 17.) Philippe Matalatala is one of those whom Christ has made into a new creature. He and his wife Muzebedi were among the first in the Kikongo field to accept Christ as their Saviour and to try to pattern their lives after His teachings. This was not an easy task. We who are not weighed down with a background of superstition cannot comprehend the difficulties and temptations that beset the Congo Christian who must daily fight against the witch doctor and the full weight of heathen customs and practices.

Matalatala and Muzebedi had been married according to Congo custom before missionaries appeared on the scene. That means that Matalatala's maternal uncle had approached Muzebedi's maternal uncle and negotiated with him for the marriage of the two young people. The negotiations consisted primarily in agreeing upon the sum that was to be paid as the bride price.

Before negotiations could proceed, it was necessary to consult the witch doctor to see whether or not the clan fetishes were compatible. The negotiations extended over a period of years. During that period, Muzebedi's maternal uncle viewed with pride the row of bottle-stoppers stuck in the grass roof of his hut; they were an indication of the amount of respect his prospective nephew-in-law had for him. Each stopper represented the gift of a gourd of palm wine. A gourd is the home-made equivalent for a bottle, and a cone of leaves is used as a stopper, or cork.

Of course there were days of concern as the uncle counted the growing number of bottle stoppers, for if negotiations fell through, he would be required to pay back all those gourds of palm wine, as well as the chickens and goats he had eaten, and the cloth he had worn to tatters. However, the deal is always a profitable one for the old uncle. Even if the marriage does not go through, he can always hope that a more prosperous suitor will turn up with enough money to repay the first suitor, plus ample "compensation" to the uncle for all the trouble he has had in making the arrangements.

Fortunately for Muzebedi, no "rich old man" came along to tempt her uncle, and so she was able to marry a young man. The primary purpose of this marriage was to supply children for the clan. The children would not belong to their parents, but would go to live with their mother's clan as soon as they were able to leave home (about 8 to 10 years old). The married life of the young couple was not their own affair, the intimate details were the affair of the members of both clans.

Then one day a young evangelist from the Sona Bata field came along and Matalatala and his young wife heard the wonderful, incredible story of a loving Saviour who was the very son of God, and who came to earth to teach men and women how to live together in mutual love and esteem. For the first time they heard the strange words: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave to his wife." This was indeed a new philosophy of marriage, for according to their custom, a man could "turn in" his wife on any number of pretexts.

The testing of this new philosophy was not long in coming. Death twice visited their home, each time taking a tiny baby. Each period of sorrow was made doubly hard because they received no comfort from their relatives. On the contrary, the members of Muzebedi's clan accused Matalatala of infidelity and witchcraft; the members of his family made the same recriminations against Muzebedi. Instead of comfort, there was bickering and strife.

Matalatala and Muzebedi held to their faith and their trust of one another and after a while a third little life came to bring joy to their home. They considered this baby to be proof that God was blessing their union and that the relatives were mistaken in trying to break up their marriage.

Then came a new period of testing; the baby fell ill with whooping cough, the very illness that had taken the other two babies. By this time the missionaries had arrived and had established Kikongo station. Among the first buildings to be erected was a hospital. As soon as the baby fell ill, the stricken parents rushed to Kikongo hospital and put their trust in the missionaries to save their precious little son.

But the relatives were not satisfied to let the missionaries minister to "their" child. One day, as Muzebedi sat in the hospital

holding her sick baby, the relatives sneaked in, snatched the baby from her arms and fled toward the village, where they intended to put the baby into the witch doctor's care. Muzebedi rushed to tell us what had happened and Mr. Smith hopped on his motorcycle and pursued the fleeing relatives. They did not release the baby without a struggle, but they did release it and it was brought back and placed in the arms of the weeping mother. This baby has become a fine young man, trained in our mission schools, having already served as a teacher-evangelist to his own people, and is now at our school at EPI preparing himself for further service in the field of carpentry or mechanics.

It was courage and faith that made it possible for Matalatala to become a pastor to his people. He has had far less education than the young pastors who have followed him; he can't for the life of him send in a financial report that can be deciphered intelligently; but his contribution is more important than the ability to read fluently or keep accurate financial records. The younger pastors of today are building upon the foundation he laid when he dared to stand out against the practices of heathenism at a time when there were only a few Christians. He has not been lacking in physical courage, either. At one time he was pastor of the Fwangulu church during a period when lions were terrorizing the people, and keeping them off the roads. But Matalatala continued his ministry to his flock in spite of the fact that one day as he was cycling between the villages of his parish, he suddenly found himself speeding down a hill into the midst of two lions. The lions were so disconcerted by his sudden appearance, that they let him ride between them...and on he peddled with all his might, right up a hill that he had never before been able to take on his bike. There was no question of getting off to push the bike up the hill that day.

The past year has witnessed a wide-spread movement toward Christ in the church to which Matalatala ministers. Again and again the people have sent for him to come and burn their fetishes. Many of the people are back-slidden Christians who fell before the pressure of the ever-present witchcraft. And why do they send for him? Can it be that his failure throughout the years to yield to the pressure of his environment have convinced them of Christ's

power to save to the uttermost? Or could it be the fact that he continues to peddle his bike up and down hill and through the hot sand as an emissary of the Christ who came to seek and save that which was lost? The important thing is that he was there when they called for him!

A MUYAKA CHRISTIAN

W. F. Robbins

TONIGHT I sit in this hut out here on the outskirts of civilization and I look into the kindly face of a fine old chief. It is rather astounding that he should be found in these parts where there are no other Christian chiefs. That he is a Christian can be seen when one first meets him. Tall, dignified as a chief should be, he wears the few rags which he possesses as though they were royal robes. But the most pleasing aspect of him is that kindly, frank, open, honest face.

Photo- C. Lamote, Congopresse

"Are you a Christian, *Tata*," I ask. "Yes," he answered, "I am a Christian but I am out of the church." "I am surprised," I said. "How did you come to be out of the church?"

I was surprised, for I had seen him often in church meetings. I had heard from others of his fine spirit of helpfulness to the religious workers of our area. I had seen him help to settle more than one tough palaver, always taking the Christian side of the argument.

"How do you come to be out of the church?" "Twenty-seven years ago," he answered, "I was baptized by *Tata* Moody. *Tata*

Moody was a strong preacher. I can remember some of the sermons which he preached from John, the Acts, Matthew, Mark and Luke. One thing helped him, that was the phonograph. That box that could talk like a man drew people from many far-off villages. Then *Tata* Moody would preach to them and bring them to our Lord. For years I was a Christian in good standing in the church. Then I became very sick. Great boil-like swellings came out all over my body. The village people said that I had been poisoned. The friendly chiefs said that I had been poisoned. They made a medicine out of the bark of a tree which, they said, would drive the poison out. I took the medicine. For days they did not know whether I would live or die. Finally I became better and I felt sure that the medicine they had given me had helped me. But I was reported to the missionary as having partaken of *nkisi* or native medicines. For this I was put out of the church.

"At first I saw no justice in this church decision because I had not taken anything with magic properties which have the same name, *nkisi*. There were no magic formulas for the making of this medicine that I had taken. There were no charms. It was simply the bark of a tree that was supposed to be an antidote to poison. I was embittered against the church and church people. Since they had marked me a heathen, I would be one. About a year later I married a second wife. To have a second or third wife is a very common practice here in Africa. It gave me closer fellowship with the other chiefs who were not Christian. In my heart, however, I did not feel that I was doing right. I was doing this in defiance. A child was born of this second wife. It was a fine child and gladdened my heart, but God showed His displeasure. God took the child away from me. Only a few months later God took this second wife away from me. I vowed then that come what may I would never again take a second wife. I have never been invited back into the church, but I believe that everybody will tell you that I have never missed the opportunity to attend church services, to help my fellowmen and especially to help those who were striving to bring the message of Christ to the people. I have never approached the missionary to tell him that I wish to come back into the church. I felt that he would see for himself."

"You do want to come back into fellowship with the church?"

I asked. "*Tata*", he answered, "nothing would make my heart happier." "What do you think of Jesus?" I asked. "Jesus" he answered, "is my Saviour; He died on the cross for my sins. In my heart I have felt that I belong to Him all along. I know He has saved me."

Though I did not know just how much of a sin he had committed if he had simply taken the steepings of the bark of a tree which had no magical properties whatever, I asked, "How about the *nkisi*?" "I have not had anything to do with native medicines since that day," he said. "I have always gone to the white doctor or his native helper."

"Would you be willing to come before the church and tell them about your faith in Christ and that you renounce all your evil life and ask them to receive you again?" "Yes," he answered, "I would like to do that." We then had prayer and the fine erect old man walked out into the darkness of the night on his way through the forest to his village.

His words had been those of faith. His testimony was clear but that which impressed me most he did not know, or does not realize. Two other chiefs, having been under his influence, have become inquirers. Their villages have been cleared of all fetishes and these chiefs are now converts and are seeking baptism and church membership. They claim that his example has led them to make the decision for Christ and the church.

Surely here is the true test of our Christianity. Are we by our daily example leading others to Christ? There is no surer way to bring sinners to repentance and faith in Christ our Lord.

NZANZADI GUSTAVE

ARLEY R. BROWN

TWENTY-FIVE hours a week in church sounds like an overdose of religion, but for a couple hundred of our children here at Leopoldville it means a chance to go to school. Four classes crowd into the side sections of the church auditorium, which is partly partitioned off and fitted with desks and blackboards. On Sunday the desks become benches for the congregation and the blackboards are removed so the preacher can be seen. Then on Monday morning the place of worship becomes again the place of learning. Certainly not an ideal situation for church or school, this temporary measure has had to serve already for some twenty years until an adequate school could be built.

Who would be willing to teach under such conditions? Men who have the necessary training are in demand everywhere. Often discouragedby trying to teach in such overcrowded, badly housed schools, many go instead to the companies where they can easily command larger salaries and greater prestige. Ask Nzanzadi, our fifth grade teacher whose class is in the church, why he is giving his life to teaching. I did ask him and here is the answer.

It goes back a long way, back to the early years of his life, when his father was a chief living not far from Leopoldville. Under the ministry of early American and British Baptist missionaries the chief became a Christian and later sent young Nzanzadi Gustave to school at the mission station. By then it was t e late 1920's. The boy early became impressed with the message of Christ and soon he was led to conversion by the pastor Kikwakwa. So well did he do in his studies that in 1933 he was offered the opportunity to go on to school at Sona Bata.

Meanwhile a crisis had arisen in the Congo. The prophet movement under Kibangu which aimed at the expulsion of Europeans from the Congo, had been suppressed by the authorities and thousands of deluded people punished for their disloyalty.

Nzanzadi's father was deported to another part of the country, separated from his family and dismissed from the church. What a blow to a boy whose father's influence and encouragement

had directed him to school and to Christ! However, evidence of the chief's genuine repentance and true character was shown as he strongly encouraged his boy nonetheless to continue his schooling at Sona Bata. Leaving his mother and two sisters (all his brothers had died in infancy) the youngster, only 10 years old at the time, took the step which meant opportunity and yet challenge. Years later Nzanzadi, with the assistance of the missionary, Mr. Harry Watkins, was able to secure the pardon of the chief and his return home. Always the old chief has been a powerful influence on his son, continually encouraging him to serve God as a teacher.

After five years of school at Sona Bata Nzanzadi received his primary diploma. Long before graduation he had signed his decision to teach in his home village. Now he made good his promise to God and came home to Leopoldville. He was sent to the village of Ngombe, a church center. Sixty children from three villages were his charge. Pay was forty-five francs a month, about a dollar then. Once he made a name for himself by bringing in a boys' choir to the Thanksgiving meetings at Leo. After the war years, during which time he kept at his teaching post, Nzanzadi again had the opportunity to further his schooling. This time it was the teachers' training course at Kimpese. This four year course was finished in 1951, and then he returned to Leo to teach the fifth grade in the primary school. Now fully qualified educationally, his energy and friendliness showing through his dark brown eyes, Nzanzadi has become an excellent teacher and a trusted Christian counselor to our Congolese youth. Married to a fine Christian wife, he is raising a family of three girls and two boys who already are enrolled in our school.

With his musical talents sharpened at Kimpese Nzanzadi has led the church choir at Leo and now is beginning a school choir, greeted enthusiastically by the students. He looks forward eagerly to next year, when we all hope we shall have a new and adequate school building.

Even in their present state of limited efficiency our schools are very different from those of Nzanzadi's childhood. He sees with mixed feelings this progress in equipment and standards. Such material and intellectual progress, though fulfilling one need, is he feels often absorbing all the interest of modern Congo youth to

the neglect of their souls. How shall today's youth find Christ and know His call to Christian service? The answer may well be shown in the life of Nzanzadi. A devoted father, native pastor, missionaries and other Christians, all have contributed faithfully in God's patient preparation of this valuable Christian worker. Nzanzadi is God's living reward of Christian counseling and encouragement.

Photo- C. Lamote, Congopresse

A class in the school at Leopoldville

ANDRE MUNSAKA

C. E. Smith

IN August 1931 a slender, serious, quiet lad lined up with other boys who had come to Kikongo to enter school. Munsaka was not an outstanding boy but soon it became apparent that he was a dependable, willing worker and had an insatiable desire to get an education.

In December of that year there was a food shortage in the area around Kikongo and it was impossible to buy enough food for the students, so it was decided to send the students off to the villages as teachers. Munsaka went to the village of Kinkamba as teacher-evangelist. He taught the village children, held morning prayers at the little chapel and conducted enquirers' classes for those who were preparing for baptism.

In 1933 he married Anna Mukoko, a fine Christian girl and in 1934 the young couple returned to Kikongo to attend the Christian workers' class for married students. They finished the course in 1936 and Munsaka was chosen to be acting pastor at our largest church center, at Mbonga, while Matalatala went to our training institute at Kimpese. After two years Munsaka and his wife returned to the station school for further training.

In 1939 we were looking around for someone to assist as all-around handy-man on the mission station. Munsaka was recommended for the job. When it was pointed out to him that he would relieve the missionaries from many duties, permitting them to give more time to church and school work, he readily agreed to take the job.

He has been with us now for fifteen years in that capacity, and there probably is no one on the station who is held in higher esteem among the Congolese and missionaries. We depend on him in so many ways.

If the carburator needs cleaning, we tell Munsaka about it; if a faucet is leaking, a call goes out for Munsaka; he keeps the hydraulic ram in operation; he services the electric light plant; he mows the grass with a power mower; he does plowing or hauling with the tractor; he acts as chauffeur for Miss Anderson when she

goes to baby clinics in the district; he takes care of the station tools and keeps them in repair.

Every once in a while a missionary sends a note asking if Munsaka can do some chore for them; he always replies *ka mpasi ko* (not hard), his way of saying "O.K."

Last year we started a night school for older boys who were too old to enter Central School, and for younger workmen who were eager to study. I went up to visit the class one evening and whom should I see there among the young men but Munsaka, with a new pair of glasses on his nose, taking up where he had left off in 1939.

It gave us quite a thrill one day to learn how he had pleaded with one of our workmen who had fallen into sin and had been suspended from the church. Munsaka pleaded with him to get right with God and come back into the church. . . . and he did just that.

Just a few words about Anna Mukoko, his wife. She is influential among the women and often serves on committees; she is now a member of our station council.

Kambuku, their eldest son, is a teacher in our station school; their second son, Munsaka, is the official bell-ringer, Little Budika and Senda are in the first grades and baby Mata keeps his mother busy at home.

What would we do without dependable, faithful, willing Munsaka and others like him in the Mission?

LUTETE HEZEKIAH

MARY BONAR

THERE has been special emphasis on stewardship in the Banza Manteke church recently and in checking up it was found that the best regular giver in the church was Lutete Hezekiah; he gives special gifts where they are needed such as a case of slates not long ago for village schools. He not only gives of his money but of his time and council. No one ever goes to him for help either for body or spirit who does not get something. He is one of the pillars of our church.

Tata Lutete was born a year or two before the turn of the century; Mr. Wells one of the missionaries at that time gave him the name of Hezekiah. His father while washing for Mr. Richards became a Christian, learned to read and became one of the early teachers. He died of sleeping sickness when Lutete was very small. The mother was left without any help so Lutete was taken, as an orphan, to the mission station in 1903. He was too small to do much work but he was cared for and taught by Miss Cole. He worked for her many years and was baptized in 1912.

After the death of his mother in 1917 he began to work for Dr. King: in 1921 he began working in the dispensary and has been doing medical work ever since except when Dr. King was on furough in 1923; when he worked at helping to build the church at Sona Bata. He worked with Dr. King then with Dr. Freas and became a capable and trusted *infirmier*.

In 1938 Dr. Freas sent him to the Sona Bata medical school. The work was especially difficult for him since he had not had the French required to follow the course. By sheer will power and hard work he succedeed. He told me how he worked on his French. He bought a slate and night after night studied his lesson then closed the book and wrote as much as he could of what he had read on his slate; he then opened the book and corrected his own mistakes studied again and started over again to write it. With persistance and application he graduated in 1943.

Since that time he has been head man in our hospital here and is very capable and devoted in his service. He has given medical

care to all of us, white and black. His diagnosis is rarely ever wrong. I remember one time when Mrs. Geil had a very bad attack of malaria (as often happened she and I were the only missionaries on the station). She was very sick and could not keep quinine or anything else down. Tata Lutete said she must have an injection of quinine — there was none on the station. He took his lantern and walked to the old station and back in the night (24 miles) to get the ampoules of quinine and gave her an injection in the morning. Through the years he has gone quietly on helping all sorts of folk. He loves the Lord and works for His church. Would that we had more Lutete Hezekiahs.

NKALAMBOTE MARIE

RUTH ENGWALL

HER name means "good character", and it suits her. In 1952 she graduated from our *Ecole Ménagère* here at Banza Manteke. During the school year of 1953 she taught a class of 37 girls in our first year primary and this year she is teaching in the *Ecole Ménagère* (Domestic Science) school at Kikongo, which to most of our Lower Congo people is really a foreign country.

Nkalambote is good looking, slender and of medium height. When she was a baby she was so small her mother thought it might be best to throw her out to the village pigs. Mary Bonar remembers her entrance into the girls' school. She wondered how a girl so small could be away from her mother. Well, she stayed and came back to school eight years in succession and then stayed on a year to teach.

Tata Ndebo, head of the girls' compound, says, "When I first came here I soon learned that Nkalambote had a knack for managing. Whenever there was food to divide and Nkalambote was present she saw to it that justice and fairness were observed. Because of her fairness the other girls accepted her leadership." Last year whenever *Tata* Ndebo had to be away he left the compound under her direction.

I asked some of our teachers if they had anything special to

ay about Nkalambote. Today they handed me a note which eads: "Her life with us her friends was good and without fault." What a testimony! In her work as leader of the girls she is ively, zealous and industrious. She is courageous and not too ashful, and she is always doing something with her hands, gar- lening, sewing, knitting, crocheting or embroidering.

Photo- C. Lamote, Congopresse

l *class of girls in the Leopoldville school*

When the letter came from Kikongo saying they wanted two f our girl graduates to go there to teach, we began inquiring if any f the 1953 graduates would consider going. We waited and wait- d but no one volunteered to go so far away from home. Then ne day Nkalambote, herself a teacher, came and said she was illing to go if another girl would go with her. When no one else olunteered I thought now Nkalambote won't go either, but after he had made up her mind to go she stuck by her decision even o the extent of going there alone.

She is the first girl to go as a missionary from Banza Manteke to another mission station. She left during our district conference and it was a touching farewell she was given. We know she will make a real contribution to the girls' work at Kikongo. Nkalambote is a wonderful Christian and we shall be remembering her in our prayers. It meant a good deal for her to leave her own people and go to a country that is strange to her and where customs and food are strange to her, too. For her as for us all there is the comforting assurance: "Lo, I am with you always."

YIKULWADIO

MARGARET HALL

IN November 1928 there was born in a village not far from Banza Manteke a little girl who was given the name of Yikulwadio. Other children were born into the family until when Yikulwadio was 9 years old there were 5 of them, evidently all very happy. Then the father decided for some reason to take unto himself a second wife. The mother did not want to share her home with another woman so separation resulted.

Yikulwadio's grandfather, her mother's father, is Tata Josué Malutama, the senior pastor at Banza Manteke. She can recall happy visits to that home where Mama Hana Tubatadi loved to receive her grandchildren.

Village schools are often poorly equipped and instruction very elementary, but it was in such that Yikulwadio began her education. Then one day when she was 11 years old there was a visit from the missionary, Miss Bonar. Children were examined and those who had made the most progress chosen to go into the central school on the mission station. Yikulwadio was one of them.

When she came home from school that day and told her mother the good news she was surprised to find that her mother did not share her joy. Then she cried and cried, until finally her mother gave permission for her to go and even accompanied her

to the mission station. There she was taken into the home of her grandfather and grandmother, to eat and sleep, going each day to class.

In 1942, at the age of 14, she was baptized, and two years later she finished the course of the girls' school and received her certificate. Then she, along with one of the other girls, was chosen to teach in the lower classes of the girls' school, in the afternoon, and given the opportunity of entering a class with the boys in the morning.

"Then," says Yikulwadio, "the boys fell for me and many of them wanted to marry me." (Yes, 16 is quite old enough for a Congo girl to think about marriage or have others think about marrying her off.) But Yikulwadio wanted so much to teach and help in the school, and continue her education, that she turned her back on all of them. During her school vacations she worked helping her grandfather and grandmother in their gardens, and in any other way she could. The result is that they are very fond of her and very proud of her.

Then in 1946 she had 3 very serious suitors: One was from her own village, where she had been born, a young man who was working at Leopoldville and making good money. Another was from a nearby village and working at Matadi. The third was in school on the station, but he came from a village very far away, was a real stranger to her people.

"Oh, it was difficult to decide among those three," she says. She made a visit home to her village and told her mother all about it. Her mother told her that marriage is a serious affair and that she would just have to decide for herself. (How different this mother, a second generation Christian, from the ordinary Congo mother!) Then her mother said, "But don't choose according to their looks, examine well their character and habits and deeds." So Yikulwadio prayed much about the matter for many days and was led to accept the young man who had come from the far away village. How unusual! Most Congo marriages are between those of the same village or nearby villages.

Once the decision was reached there was still time, the wedding did not take place immediately, even though she was already 18 years old. The following year she worked with Mrs. Freas

teaching in the women's school. For this work she received 100 francs a month, quite a nice little sum for a young girl. She used it to buy dishes and other things in preparation for her marriage. That year her fiancé completed the course in the boys' school and was chosen to teach the following year on the station. So they were married that fall.

The next year, 1949, after one year of teaching together on the station they went to Kimpese where Lukombo, her husband, entered the School for Monitors. She entered the Women's School, but was found to be above the standard of most of the women, so the following year she took work in the Men's Bible School. Then it was decided that she was capable of following the same course as her husband. Each semester's examinations have seen her several places higher up on the posted results of exams in her class, until last December she was 8th of 28. Lukombo graduated a year ago and then stayed on as teacher at Kimpese. This year he is a teacher there while Yikulwadio is completing her four year course, and their little son attends the nursery school.

Yikulwadio says, "When I think about my life and how God has led me I know it was His will that I marry Lukombo, the young man from a far away village, rather than those of my own area who were working in the cities and making lots of money, because by marrying Lukombo the way was opened for me to continue my education in order to serve God in the work I have always wanted to do ever since I was a little girl."

Pray for this fine couple as they will be going out both of them at the end of this year to take up work among their own people, she the first Congo Protestant girl to graduate from a full four year teachers' course. Pray that there will be others.

MATTIE MARIE

RHODA ARMSTRONG

MAMA Elizabeth Ngunga was brought up in the house of a missionary in the American Baptist Mission. She helped in the school, in the hospital, and in the home. When, after she was married, she had only one child, a little girl, she named her after the missionary, for she said "I want my daughter to grow up to be a wise, useful woman like the missionary."

At the time that little Mattie Marie was born, very few girls knew how to read. But Mattie was sent to the mission station when she was only six years old, she also was brought up in the home of a missionary, went to school, and she did become a wise, useful person. When she finished the primary school, she started to work in the hospital. When doctors started the medical school Mama Ngunga said: "I want my daughter to become a nurse.

In the Belgian Congo, no girl had ever before gone to a medical school, only boys. But Mattie and another girl, Ntendo, were brave enough to start. It was not easy. To be the first on the road is always hard; but Mattie and Ntendo were able to overcome the difficulties. Mama Ngunga encouraged and helped her daughter. The missionaries did all they could to help too. At first the boys were not happy to have girls in the class. They were sure that no girl could have brains enough to do medical classes in French. When examination time came, the girls were usually at the head of the class, so every one could see that girls also have brains.

There were many other difficulties. People would tease the girls and say that they could never get married if they learned to work like men, and if she did get married, she would only be wasting her years of work and study. With perseverance and faith, the girls continued until they finished the course and received the diploma, the very first girls in all of Belgian Congo to have the government diploma as *infirmières*.

The very day that Mattie received the diploma, she was also married to Tata Timothée Lukoki, a teacher at Sona Bata. That was in 1940. Tata Lukoki and Mama Mattie now live in Leopoldville, they have four lovely children, and Mama Mattie has not

wasted her knowledge and work. Not only can she care for her own children and home better because she is educated, but she has charge of the mission dispensary at Leopoldville, where hundreds of people come every month to seek help and relief for their ills. Mama Mattie helps them because she speaks softly and kindly when she gives out medicines, and she gives happiness to all by her kindness and skill.

M. K.'s

NAOMI BUBECK

WE have all heard of P.K.'s — preacher's kids — but many of us are not as well acquainted with M.K.'s — missionaries' kids. As a senior in High School I've been looking back over my life out here as an M.K. and the opportunities and privileges we have. And I would like to share some of them with you, especially those of you who feel sorry for us, who have been "taken to darkest Africa."

The first is an acquaintance and love for the Africans as individuals and friends, instead of savages in a far-off land. As we play with them as children, and speak their language often better than our own, that feeling cannot help but come. Although it is difficult, if we come back as missionaries, to think of them as co-workers instead of playmates, it is very much to our advantage to have known them as playmates.

Another great privilege is that of attending school at Lubondai, where all of the teachers are men and women who have consecrated their lives to the service of the Lord. Although the students through the years come from four different countries, and from sixteen different missions, and many states, Central School has an atmosphere of Christian fellowship, which we miss so much when on furlough, we go to schools in the States. There is very seldom any argument on creeds, but we do fight the Civil War all over again. As we go forth into the world, it will be hard to lose the memories we carry with us of the good times we had C.S. in the heart of the Belgian Congo.

Although in a boarding school of this kind we often miss the advice we could get were we living with our parents all the time, yet we do get an excellent lesson in learning to live with others. A roommate becomes like a brother or sister, and because there are so few of us, we all seem like one big family. I could go on recounting memories about Lubondai to emphasize what a wonderful time we have at C.S., and how much we enjoy it there.

At home on the mission station we also learn to share other people's joys and sorrows and to become more considerate of their feelings. Also, we become well acquainted with mission problems which otherwise would seem vague and perhaps not too important to us. We learn to know all phases of the work, not just the hospital or school. And we feel that we are truly a part of the great missionary family.

The experience of travel must be mentioned. On trips to and from school, mostly by plane, we see more of the vastness of God's world, and also the beauty of it. On our trips from the States we are able to visit countries which children our age in the States can only dream of visiting.

There are many other privileges that I could add, and I'm sure my classmates could add even more, but I shall let someone else do that. In closing, I would like to express our appreciation to all who have contributed to our lives as M.K.'s and who have made our stay here possible.

NEWS FROM THE STATIONS

KIKONGO — On the first day of February lightning struck ou station during an afternoon tropical storm. Don Niles who wa working in his office was struck unconscious for a few minutes. I the mud and thatch school office, Viola Smith and Bernice Nile were struck while working at a common desk. Both were throw to the floor. Viola received a burn on the side of her face and wa unconscious for a quarter of an hour or so. We have no docto at Kikongo but our competent, faithful nurse, Agnes Anderso gave the necessary first aid, stimulants and nursing care. The light ning had struck at one end of the station and followed the electri wires blowing out fuses and light bulbs and touching 3/7 of ou Kikongo missionary staff. What a reminder that "the Lord hat been mindful." He is our refuge from the storm, and alway underneath are His everlasting arms. How we thanked and than Him for covering us with His hand. There was no fire, no fatalit but God's faithfulness and mercy.

Our station family has grown as new students have come t enter the Bible School and school children have returned to r sume their studies. We have a new teacher to help in the teac ing of our homemaking classes. She is Mama Nkalambote wh came all the way from Banza Manteke to work in our Kikong girls' school — a courageous step for a Congolese young lady.

Don Niles made a trip in the 3 ton truck to transport st dents to schools of higher training at Kimpese and Banza Mant ke. Janet Boone flew to Leopoldville to attend the meetings of t Congo Protestant Council.

VANGA — A red and white "Welcome Pearsons" banner and large crowd of Vanga-ites were at the beach January 8th to gre the newest additions to the Vanga staff. We are happy to ha Virginia and Bob and the children with us.

School started on time with a large enrollment. We accept only those girls who were ready for third grade, and even so h to turn away about fifty of them as the dormitories are t crowded. Over 150 adults are registered in the evening classes.

Chester Jump has been examining candidates for baptism and at the first three posts has accepted 306 followers.

Dr. Walker visited Kikongo during the month of January and Moanza in March for medical visits.

MOANZA — On October 11th a service of remembrance was held for Samuel Mpambu and his wife Lena Bazekisa who heard the call of God in 1913, obeyed, and traveling over rivers, plains and hills eventually arrived at Moanza to plant the seed of the church which today numbers 7708 church members in a field who's present population is 83,000. Participating in the service were sons Pula Daniel, Mankeni Benjamin, Zola Philip and Mpambu Samuel II.

Service medals from the government were recently awarded to faithful Christian workers, Martha Nsungi, Naomi Lumengu, Mfuta Samuel, Muvuyu Samuel, Kitsangi Timothée, Kizaba Stephen and Kambwala Zechariah.

Misses Doris and Dorothy Wiseman arrived in America in November for their furlough. Miss Alice Jorgenson's return to Congo is delayed as she remains at home to care for her mother who is ill. Miss Marguerite Eldredge returned to Moanza early in November.

Naomi Bubeck has been spending the Christmas holidays with her parents Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Bubeck. Naomi will graduate from high school at Lubondai Central school in the spring, and during the summer go to America to enter college.

Members of the Vanga staff came to Moanza for Christmas day. Dr. Walker and family prolonged their visit to enable him to perform surgery and assist in compiling the annual medical statistics. Native nurses are faithfully carrying on in our hospital work and child welfare clinics under the supervision of Mrs.Bubeck, but a medical missionary nurse or doctor must soon come to our help. Pray urgently for the meeting of this great need, we plead.

Miss Agnes Anderson came for a few days to assist with the post-operative cases and her help was greatly appreciated. Accompanying her from Kikongo were Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Boone.

PRAYER

Pray for these urgent needs on every station.

Banza Manteke: There are 900 school children with only one full time experienced missionary to supervise them, with the help part time of others on the station. The villages need frequent visiting but the Engwalls and Riddles must divide their time to help with the schools.

Kimpese: There is insufficient staff at this school for training pastors and teachers. All who are there are overburdened. The medical school and hospital also need teachers and other workers.

Sona Bata: This large field has only one Evangelistic couple — two are needed. The school of about 500 has only 2 missionaries to teach and supervise.

Boko: The newest station is crying out for buildings, and other missionaries to help evangelize and teach.

Kikongo: The Niles go on furlough soon but there is no one to take over their work of evangelism and teaching in the school.

Moanza: There is no medical worker here — someone is needed urgently!

Vanga: The villages are still teeming with candidates for baptism, but there is only one evangelistic missionary — his wife gives full time to school on the station, where again more teachers are needed.

Leopoldville: This city church of 1500 members and the school of 600 children has only one very new couple to care for it. The Administration work which normally occupies the time of two couples is being carried as well as possible by one couple.

Evangelists! Teachers! Medical workers!
Office workers! Builders!

All are needed.

Will you come to help us? Pray with us for these needs.

PRAISE

Join with us in *praise* for the faithful Congo people, who have served for so many years, and of whom you have read in these articles. We are thankful for the younger ones who are coming along to take their places. Once more some of our missionaries have been delivered from serious if not fatal harm, when lightning struck at Kikongo. We thank our Heavenly Father for His loving, protecting care.

DIRECTORY SUPPLEMENT

IN BELGIUM — new appointees, studying French for one year:
Miss Esther Greenmun, R.N.
Miss Margot Hakes
Mr. and Mrs. Murray F. Sharp

IN U. S. — completing preparations for service in Congo:
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barnette
Mr. and Mrs. James B. Clark
Dr. and Mrs. Donald L. Martin
Miss Rhoda Nielson, R.N.
Miss Elizabeth Spinney, R.N.
Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Stabell

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** Precede name of each station with A.B.F.M.S., except Kimpese*
† All air-mail addressed via Léopoldville instead of Matadi
‡ For air-mail add — and Léopoldville.

See page 31 for Directory Supplement.